

# Cambridge

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"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1878.

### A WILD WOMAN'S STORY.

On a low chair in a cell in the jail at Honesdale, Pa., July 10th, 1877, sat a most singular looking person. A round, wrinkled, sun-burned face, small head crowned with thick, shaggy gray hair, that fell down over almost concealed the blackest and sharpest of eyes; a slender body, clothed in scant and shabby female garb, and lower limbs encased in tattered trousers. This was the occupant of the cell—Lucy Ann Slater, better known throughout as "the female hunter of Long Eddy."

About forty-five years ago a family named Lobdell lived in Delaware county, N. Y., at what is now the village of Long Eddy on the Delaware river and Erie railway, then sparsely settled. The Lobdells were the main business of the settlers of the vicinity. The Lobdells dwelt in a cabin in the woods, where a daughter, the subject of our sketch, was born. From the time this child was born to the day she was a great favorite among the local woodpeckers and raftermen. They often took her off to the logging camp and kept her there for days at a time, and she early became known to the hardships of the life. The lumbermen in those days were all good hunters, and always carried their rifles with them. Before Lucy Ann was 8 years old they had taught her the use of the rifle, and she soon became as good a shot as there was in the settlement. At the age of 12 she could out-shoot any of the men, and handled the ax with the ease of an old chopper. Before she had reached the age of 16 she had killed numerous deer, and an abundance of wild and tame birds. The woods was for her not an uncommon thing. She once killed a full sized panther, and the hide of the animal is now in the possession of an ex-Sheriff of Wayne county, Pennsylvania. Now, standing here in the cell, Lucy Ann's name, as a girl and woman, was free from reproach. The breath of slander never reached her, and she could have had her choice of a husband from the most exemplary young men in the vicinity. But she had no inclination to marry, and she rejected all offers.

A raftsmen named Harry Slater came into the settlement about 1850. He formed the acquaintance of Lucy Ann, and to the surprise of everybody they were married. Slater had proposed to Lucy Ann, and she told him that she would shoot at a mark with rifles, and if he beat her she would marry him, if not she would remain with her parents. The trial of skill took place and Slater was victorious. Slater proved a worthless scoundrel, and neglected and abused his wife. A year after they were married Mrs. Slater gave birth to a daughter, and the child was two weeks old Slater deserted both wife and child, leaving them in destitute circumstances. Slater never returned, but was occasionally heard of in New York city, and on the Hudson river, a worthless, drunken vagabond.

The sorrowing wife went back to her parents, and after two years spent in efforts to get along and maintain herself respectably by doing woman's work, but without success, she had to sell the apparel of her sex, donned men's clothing, and taking her rifle, went into the woods to earn a living for herself and child. For eight or ten years she roamed the forests of Sullivan and Delaware counties, in New York, and Wayne and Pike, Pennsylvania, and spent two years in Meeker county, Minnesota. She had cabins in various places, and would visit the old home about once a year, and only appeared in the old home in the villages to sell her game and furs and to procure ammunition. On one of her visits to her child, when it was about four years old, her parents complained of having its name on their side. She, therefore, took it away, and placed it in the Delhi poor house, and left her old sipping ground for New York and thence up the Hudson river—still in men's apparel and with a gun, pistol and knife. Her husband on the Hudson River deserted her, and leading a half grown child by a string tied about his neck. The man was bearded, and his clothing was torn and dirty. Accompanying him was a woman about 25 years of age, shabby dressed, but giving evidence of more intelligence than the man, who called himself the Rev. Joseph Lobdell, and said that the woman was his wife. As they walked about the man declared that he was a preacher, and the new dispensation, and that the beard had been sent him by the Lord to guard him in the wilderness. For two years these vagrants wandered about that portion of the country, living in caves and subsisting on roots, berries, and game killed by the man. At last they were arrested and lodged in jail at Stroudsburg, where they were kept several weeks. While in jail the discovery was made that they belonged to the Delphi county, New York, and their wife were sent. This pretended man and wife were Lucy Ann Slater and Mrs. Wilson, who had been leading this vagabond life for four years.

In the meantime Mary Ann Slater, the daughter of Harry Slater, had been living near by with his widowed mother, and had found an excellent home, and had grown up to be an intelligent and attractive young woman. A young man named Stone lived near by with his widowed mother, whom he supported. He had a young man, and being a worthy and promising youth, the foster father of the girl saw no reason to oppose a match between her and the young man. The widow, however, was so strongly set against the son marrying the young lady that the whole neighborhood wondered. A number of young men in the neighborhood were jealous of Stone, and one dark night they went to his house, and the outrage drove her almost insane. Her mother's affection was unshaken. She still pressed his claim for her hand. At length, when their marriage seemed certain, Mrs. Stone revealed a state of affairs which nullified her consent. She told her son that she was not a widow, and that Harry Slater was his father as well as the father of Mary Ann.

Lucy Ann Slater and Mrs. Wilson again left the Delhi poorhouse, and have ever since been living in caves and cabins in the woods. The former is at times entirely deranged. All last winter they lived in a cave ten miles from Honesdale, but they divide their time between Monroe county and Delhi. Lucy Ann wanders into the village the other day, and out of common decency she was arrested.

### Little Martin Craghan's Sacrifice.

About six years ago, in one of the Pennsylvania mines, several chambers in the upper tier or rise were discovered to be on fire. It was feared that the flames, which were raging fiercely, would reach the shaft before they could be extinguished. Work was hastily sent to the men in the working benches to come up before all means of escape was cut off.

Martin Craghan, a boy of twelve years, had been promoted to the position of mule-driver the day before. He had just taken to her dark stable, 300 feet under ground, when a comrade called to him and told him of their danger, urging him to hurry to the shaft, for all the men were gone. With a sorrowful look at his mule, which he had not saved, Martin Craghan ran with his companion, till they stood on a carriage waiting to be hoisted up. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that a number of men were working in a distant part of the mine, and had not been warned of their peril.

"O Johnny," he exclaimed, "we must go tell them 'ere men in No. 4, or they'll never get out!"

With a running start, the shaft will be on fire in a minute and then the smoke and gas will rush down here and suffocate us."

"But it will kill these men, too, and they're families to support. There's poor Bill Craghan, my cousin, with an old mother and seven little children. If we run fast, we can get back before they've lost the elevator."

"You may go if yer sich a fool, but I'll not risk it," replied his companion.

Just before he had finished speaking, Martin had rushed away through the dark galleries and chambers of the mine, till he reached the impelled miners, and in frightened, breathless tones told his story. Then, turning, he fled back to the shaft, hoping the miners had not yet ascended. But it had gone and his companion with it. Martin looked up, saw the glare of the fire and that the wire rope had melted, and he knew all hope of escape in that way was cut off.

With feet steps he once more threaded the deserted tunnels, back to the men for whom he had risked so much. But they, taught by experience of the utter hopelessness of escape by that one impelled shaft, had rapidly employed the time in building a barricade of rock and coal, as a temporary protection from the noxious gases and smoke that were already beginning to fill the mine.

By the time little Martin reached the barrier it was solidly constructed, for on that depended their only chance to live till the burning shaft was extinguished. Coming close to the wall, he begged piteously for admission, but the men persistently refused him.

"Bill! Bill Craghan!" he cried, "won't you make them let me in? I would have seen safe at home now but for you! Tom Reese, your brother Johnny wouldn't come to tell you of the danger, and he was wrong. Now you are going to let me die out here?"

The men inside trembled as they listened to the poor boy's sobs, and many a rough, heavy hand was drawn across their eyes; and at last tender-hearted Bill pushed to the barricade to make an entrance for the little fellow.

But strong arms pulled him away, while in hoarse, broken voices they said: "No, no, man. He's not here. We are many to tell you of the danger, and he was wrong. Now you are going to let me die out here?"

The men inside trembled as they listened to the poor boy's sobs, and many a rough, heavy hand was drawn across their eyes; and at last tender-hearted Bill pushed to the barricade to make an entrance for the little fellow.

### AN ANCIENT CRUCIFIX.

Major Dallas, of the U. S. Army, is said to be the possessor of a remarkable crucifix, which was presented to him by the Rt. Rev. J. B. Salpointe, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. That prelate received it from a Mexican woman on her entry into the country, she having discovered it among the ruins of an old Mission near Tucson. No doubt a part of its very venerable appearance may be owing to the exposure it had undergone before its discovery by the Mexican woman who gave it to Bishop Salpointe. The Missions of Arizona were abandoned very hastily about the time of the proclamation of the Mexican Republic, and all the regular Orders having been expelled from the country. The long time intervening before the re-entry of any clergy into the territory was sufficient to leave many of the Missions in a deplorable and ruinous condition. That of Santa Nina, near Tucson, was not exempted from the common fate, and nothing now remains except a crumbling edifice of adobe, formerly used as a residence by the Fathers.

The crucifix is made of wood, and is five parts: the head, torso, lower extremities in one, and the arms. The wood is not an indigenous wood of Arizona, and its present position, venerated relic too highly, will not allow it to be cut to ascertain its true nature.

The figure is sixteen inches from the crown of the head to the extremity of the feet, and eighteen inches from the hands where they are attached to the transverse portion of the cross to the feet.

It is difficult to enter upon a description of this very wonderful and soul stirring work of art. In most crucifixes having been erected to more than ordinary value, the artist has, in the well known ivory crucifix in the Cathedral of Philadelphia, left much of the reality of the Crucifixion to the devotion of the spectator, relying for its effect on the beauty of execution. In the Dallas crucifix, the artist, while not neglecting any of these aids to effect, has portrayed with wonderful and awful force the actual Crucifixion of our Divine Lord.

The body is first moulded or chiseled in exact conformity to the latest anatomy. The swelling muscles and the distorted cords are given with terrible truth and fidelity. The body having been, with the limbs and head, thus carefully made, the exact conformity to the latest anatomy of the frame. Where the bones protrude or are exposed. Over all has been smoothed a fine and plastic cement, which at the same time has been moulded to represent the torn and mangled flesh, colored with a brilliant blood color which time has in vain assailed, the brilliancy remaining now as vivid and life-like as when first put on.

The head is evidently not permanent, and has been evidently in the position of the chest, having fallen precisely at the moment of dissolution; the hair is falling around and upon the shoulders; the eyes are half-closed, and the eyelids are glazed and expiring expression of the face, indeed, is that of death. The mouth is partly open, exposing the teeth and the tip of the tongue. On the forehead, whilst the hair remains in the flesh, whilst the hair is torn in other places, the scalp, exposing the skull. On the left cheek is the mark of the cruel buff.

The body is marked with terrible wounds; the flagellation has torn the flesh from the bones, exposing the vertebra and ribs, from which hang shreds and particles of bleeding flesh. The anatomical accuracy of the position of the bones, shoulder blades, etc., can only have been secured by a thorough knowledge of the sciences.

The cruel scourges have lapped round the frame, and left their marks upon the sacred sides, where they have torn the flesh again, whilst the mark of the Roman soldier's sword, opening the veins and arteries, and the heavy cross bore upon these, the artist has not failed to show the torn and wounded flesh.

Such, in brief, is this wonderful crucifix. The Sacred Figure hangs upon a cross of natural wood, the knots, etc., being left covered with cement and blackened. It is thirty-eight inches long by nineteen wide, the space from the feet to the lower point being thirteen inches. It is evidently the work of a preaching missionary, and held aloft in the hand of a fervent orator, must have had an unsurpassed effect upon the mind. The Passion is here not written but really depicted, and the most callous and lukewarm soul cannot gaze upon this picture of the sufferings of our Divine Lord without being moved to sorrow and repentance. The age of this crucifix is estimated at something more than a century.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS: The latest cure for drunkenness, as prescribed by the scientists, is to live on beans. That there is more nutritious substance in a peck of beans than a barrel of potatoes is a well established fact in culinary science, but the bean possesses the rare medical property of serving as an antidote for drunkenness is new. Certainly no cheaper antidote for that terrible disease could well be conceived. And it is so convenient. Bean soup, baked beans, boiled beans, how easily prepared, and how delicious the dose. Here's a fine chance for the Murphy boys. Let them get up bean feasts, whereat the unfortunate inebriate can find a cure for his burning appetite, and be made a man again. If the cure is efficacious the discovery may be ranked next to that of Harvey's circulation of the blood, for it will purify that which liquor has corrupted.

A BOSTON paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly living in one house, the woman and her trap, you want to catch it at the north-easterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.—Norristown Herald.

HOW WOMEN CAN manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church, is a matter of understanding. A man will sit on the pike for an hour and a man will sit on the pike for an hour and he will wobble all over the seat. It can be said for the women that they do not wobble.—Emilia Anderson.

A LADY who once in girlhood sat on Dr. Johnson's knee, has died in England, aged ninety-seven years. If the mere fact of sitting on a gentleman's knee is conducive to female longevity, and our young girls wish to prolong their lives, we know how to advise them. They should sit on the knee of a young man who is willing to assist them in the hygienic work by devoting their knees to that purpose two or three nights each week.

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